The Younger Set.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

methodical and colorless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's, doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense—and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children. Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function, and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin and a quiet cigar in the library.

* * * * * * *

The elopement of Gerald and Gladys made a splash in the social puddle.

Eileen, loyal, but sorrowfully amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horridly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina, "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all or needed to. Boots is a dear. Do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots' house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here. In fact, their luggage is upstairs now. Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Yes," said Eileen faintly.

Nina laid a cool, smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair, a light caress sensitive as an unasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived posthaste on learning that Drina was indisposed.

"Don't be frightened. The little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook soon, I fancy."

Half an hour later Drina was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavy lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No. I'm just very tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close, and looked up into his steady eyes—and knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down, for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought specter had fled.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"N-nothing—a—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you—and I—outlawed—tongue tied. Don't look at me; don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter and walked slowly again to the window.

After awhile he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

It was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were during the day intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll and asked me, 'Is there a child here, or is it for a charity bazaar?'

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive, a mere scrap. I thought it best to inclose it, which I do herewith."

The inclosed he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill, I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror."

And that was all, only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me.

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison; the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address.

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer.

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them.

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I personally cannot guess what it might mean."

Selwyn turned the page:

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll, calling it her army doll—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere—out of doors in the shrubbery, we think—and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn party.'

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity."

He turned the last page. On the other side were merely the formula of leave taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For awhile he stood in the center of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven. He knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island. What was Ruthven after?

Chapter 28

RUTHVEN was after his divorce. That was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realize that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had passed—that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her, but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the Niobrara, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit, whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

(To be continued.)

Good Humor and Business.

A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.—Chinese Proverb.

Woman's World

ANTI-NOISE LEADER.

Even Paris Admires Mrs. Rice and Yearns For Her Help.

Three years ago Mrs. Rice of New York city started an aggressive campaign to quell the excessive noises of urban life, and she is at present president of the association incorporated since then under the name of the Society For the Suppression of Excessive Noise. A tour of Europe has convinced her that in this matter, as in so many others, the people of America are far ahead of the rest of the world.

With the exception of a branch society in London, up to the time of the establishment of her society there was no association in existence with a similar object, so far as she could learn. People in Europe were interested in her work, and some of them, inclined to be critical at first, are now studying the subject with the intent of following her lead.

One of the most ardent admirers of her anti-noise campaign is the German writer, Professor Theodor Lessing,

MRS. ISAAC L. RICE.

who has published a book entitled "Lärm" ("Noise"). He has shown his interest in a practical way and has established in Munich a similar society, which had its first meeting not long ago. He invited Mrs. Rice to become its president and was greatly disappointed that her work in New York will prevent her accepting.

The officials of the city of Rotterdam are discussing the establishment of a similar organization, and the newspapers devoted columns of description and praise to her work while she was there.

When Mrs. Rice reached Paris she found that the fame of the anti-noise society had long preceded her. Journalists visited her and were enthusiastic to the point of hysteria over her idea. One newspaper writer apostrophized her:

"When you have finished calming the American tumult come to us, come to Paris, for we have need of your aid. In Paris the tumult grows day by day. Come, oh, come! Try to obtain from our authorities permission to suppress, above everything else, the use of the strings of clanging bells which disfigure the necks of the cab horses. The sound of those bells is rendering us gradually foolish—idiots, neurotics. By and by we shall all be in asylums. Think of that, Mrs. Isaac L. Rice! Think of that and hurry up! We simply cannot wait, for it is absolutely true that if the present uproar continues much longer Paris itself will be only a great hospital!"

Mrs. Rice brought back in her trunk a few strings of the cab horse bells, which she rang as an accompaniment while she laughingly translated the appeal.

A Professor's Viewpoint.

The last contribution to woman vivisection is from Professor W. T. Thomas of Chicago university. In a number of the American Magazine the author of "Sex and Society," after giving an excellent resume of the evolution of the human animal from the standpoint of the biologist and the anthropologist, indulges, as is now customary, in the unmerciful and not uniformly logical dissecting of modern man's mate. Although a certain degree of scientific fairness is dealt her both in the author's premises and in his conclusion, and he at least concedes that woman is the same animal as man, he nevertheless deals with modern woman much after the manner of his predecessors.

For instance, he accuses her of cunning and hypocrisy (would not these qualities in man have become shrewdness and diplomacy?), of vanity applied to her wooing instincts, although he frankly admits that "she is less interested in man than man is in her." This, however, does not prevent his declaring that "her purity, constancy, reserve and devotion," which constitute "her morality," have been imposed upon her by man whom the latter pleases. Yet can it be denied that when woman breaks through her moral self restraint it is usually due to what the learned professor is pleased to call man's "interest in her?" Is he not a little "mixed" as to the quality and origin of woman's morality?

At least, unlike his predecessors, Professor Thomas seeks a remedy for the "irregularity, pettiness, ill health and unserviceableness of modern woman," and he finds it not only in a general and cultural education, but in "a special and occupational interest * * * which should be preferably gainful." This, he thinks, would relieve the matrimonial situation by putting a curb on wives' demands upon their husbands' attentions and must provide a more solid basis of association by bringing women in the same general world of interest as men.

On this ground Professor Thomas, who, by the way, says many equally wise things and a few less so, will no doubt be met by most earnest modern women. The important point for the progress and happiness of society at the present juncture is that women and men shall stand together and understand each other, for, as the book of Genesis says, "God created man * * * and male and female he created them"—that is, they are one.

A Famous Physician's Advice.

There is a famous physician who has given much of his time to the study of rest. He has worked out some good plans for tired men and women which have benefited them.

This doctor says that plenty of fresh air day and night and one hour's walk is enough for any woman. Her constitution does not need any more exercise than is given by a three mile spin. If she is in the city she cannot go at such a rate of speed, but on springy country roads she can turn out from two to three miles a day and find herself in fit condition.

This is the only exercise, he thinks, that does not exhaust the heart, irritate the nerves and overwork the muscles. He does not object to light tennis, indifferently played, but tennis as the American girl plays it is simply out of the question. She wants to play like a man, and she plays against men. She plays too long, and the cold shower bath which she takes at the end is too serious a shock. This doctor has a good deal to say on the subject of annual vacations. He now has his hands full of sick and fatigued women who have overdone the vacation theory.

They work for ten months in a year in some way, whether for wages or not, without giving themselves any rest, then lump their rest all in a few weeks or less during the summer.

They do unaccustomed things which exhaust a body already tired and come back home generally unfit for the winter.

To quote him, he says: "Nine out of ten women feel worse after a vacation than when they started and are unable to resume work properly. A woman does not need a long rest, but a great number of short ones.

"It is better to rest four separate half hours a day than to go like mad through the week and rest sixteen hours on Sunday. It is better to divide the twelve months of work into stated half holidays rather than take two months after ten months of exhaustion."

Euchre Decorations.

Place a high glass vase with two or three long stemmed white roses in the center of your table. Around the base of the vase arrange the picture cards—bowers, kings and queens—from a pack in a circle like a doily.

The ices can be served in boxes simulating a pack of cards, and paper napkins on which cards are printed will add to the decorative scheme.

Make sandwiches and cakes in shape of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades and have heart and diamond shaped dishes for bonbons and salted nuts.

As artificial light always adds a charm, exclude daylight, as your euchre is an afternoon affair, and light the room with candles. Get together as many candelabra and candlesticks as you can find places for putting them on sideboard, shelf, bracket—everywhere except on the table. They will give the room a soft, pretty light not attainable with gas or electricity.

At each cover place a playing card, face up, alternating the black and red suits. Duplicate these cards from another pack, and as the guests enter the dining room deal out one that corresponds to each place card, giving the women red and the men black, if men are present. In this way the guests will find their places at tables or partners with whom they are to converse. If refreshments are passed around, the table may be further decorated at each corner with a house of balanced cards, such as children delight in building, and any person unfortunate enough to knock one down must build it again for the amusement of all present.

For prizes the shops are showing chocolate jugs, water pitchers and candlesticks in a cream white porcelain decorated with playing cards. There are, too, little figures of the devil standing on a card that are very amusing and good for booby prizes.

Titled New Yorker Raises Poultry.

Poultry raising has become the chief diversion of Lady Craven, formerly Cornelia Martin of New York. It is fifteen years since the shy girl, then barely sixteen years old, faced a congregation of 2,000 persons in Grace church and went to the altar as the bride of the weak looking young Englishman. There were many that day who predicted trouble for the child wife, but Lady Craven has been one American wife in Europe to find happiness. At the Craven estate, Coombe abbey, in Warwickshire, she has one of the finest collection of hens, ducks, geese and turkeys in England. As a duck fancier she has taken many first prizes with her multicolored Mandarins, Carolinas and Bahamas. She also has won many firsts in the ornamental geese class with specimens of the gray Ceriopsis, the white feathered Sebastopol and the barred Magellanic. The proudest possession of Lady Craven's poultry yard, however, is the buff laced Wyandotte which she imported from this country. Lady Craven gives close personal attention to the care of her birds.

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